

WOMAN: THE SPHINX.

By FERGUS HUME.

AUTHOR OF "THE MYSTERY OF A BARON"
AND "A TRAITOR IN LONDON."

CHAPTER I.

BACK IN POWER.

"Assuredly there is something to be said in favour of civilization," remarked the traveller, as he glanced round the smoking-room of the *Ulysses Club*. "After two years of African hardship and adventure, this ease is very pleasant."

"Pleasant by force of contrast," rejoined the baronet, lighting a cigarette. "It was the weariness of this very life that you sought Africa. Twenty-four months ago you were a grumbling animal."

"I am a contented animal at present, my dear Denham. Timbuctoo has shown me that London possesses merits with which Africa cannot compete. As you tritely hinted just now, true enjoyment consists in contrast. I have been so often without tobacco and food that I thoroughly appreciated our little dinner, and, as you perceive, I am enjoying to the full this very excellent cigarette. Water has been my beverage for so long that I revel in the luxuries of coffee and chocolate."

"Humbly! You merely preach a sermon on my text of contrast!"

"Let me see the gist of the matter," said the traveller. "If I remain wrapped up in the cotton wool of an over-reined civilization, I may become discontented again."

"It is probable, Sulway. Knowing you as I do, I should say extremely probable."

"If there is nothing like candour in friendship!"

"Is it? No doubt that accounts for the rarity of the genuine article," retorted Sulway, a trifle dryly, "but to revert to our original topic, London, I say, will change me from a cow—I understand that a cow is the most contented of all animals—into a bear; a surly, sulky bear."

"Denham laughed. "By cursing you with the honey of civilization," he said, "no doubt, but don't turn into a bear yet my good fellow. Maintain for the present your character of a lion."

"A lion, Denham. Is this allegory?"

"It is, Sulway. As you know very well, why this unnecessary mystery? Are you not the African Lion of the *Secon*? Will you not be hunted through London jungles by society *Dianas* in search of new attractions for their menageries? Go! These timid airs become you not."

"In his turn the traveller laughed. "So I am to be lionised," he remarked in rather complacent tones. "Well, I don't know but what I may find the process pleasant. In whose menagerie am I to roar this evening?"

"I don't know that particular huntress," said Sulway, with grave irony. "Would you mind giving me a sketch of her character?"

"You'll gather it from her speech in ten minutes. She is as open as the day."

"Does that mean she is rude. Does your count count for manners with her. What a daughter of an Irish peer; the wife of an Irish M.P. She is witty, hospitable, pretty, fond of good-looking men—"

"I see," interrupted the traveller. "You take me to her house that I may delight her eye."

"Do I, indeed. Would you rather I introduced you as *Apollo* than *Cicero*?"

"That depends upon your opinion of my looks. I am afraid Africa has not improved them," said Sulway, with a conceited boast.

"Denham, you are a candid friend. But my good looks, Denham, have I left them behind in the wilds of the Congo?"

"You have certainly left your brains there," growled the baronet. "I never heard a man talk so rubbish."

"Ah, you have not been examining witnesses lately," said Sulway, coolly. "So I talk rubbish do, and why not? Dulce est desipere, as I got that quotation out of the dictionary—the English dictionary; to be precise, Chambers' *Etymological English Dictionary*."

"I believe Africa has softened your brain, Sulway."

"Possibly. Africa has made me a child of Nature, and I babble of books and green fields. But what has England done for you, George Warham Denham?"

"Nothing. She hasn't even made me Lord Chancellor. I am still a baronet—or all but baronet—baronet and still a single man."

"Are not married, then?" queried Sulway, sipping his coffee.

"Now, dear friend, would I be dining here with you if I were?"

"H'm, that would greatly depend upon the character of your wife. However, I take it that you have friends in your usual evasive way that you are still to be had as a bargain in the matrimonial market. George, I am glad of it."

"Thank you, but why?"

"Because when one is miserable oneself, one likes to see one's friends in the same plight; such is the amiability of human nature. I also am single and lonely."

"You needn't remain long in that condition," retorted Denham, laughing. "You are young, rich, famous, passable as regards looks—"

"Spare me the items in my list of attractions," cried Sulway, lifting a protesting hand. "I know what you can procure a wife on the ground of worldly prosperity. All very well, George, but I want the wife."

"The deuce! You want—whom wife?"

"Scoffer! I speak in the abstract. I refer to the ideal wife, to the perfect woman."

"Oh, Lord, I'm off," cried Denham, with a grimace; "that perfect woman of yours—as if I hadn't heard of her before. Eton, Oxford, London, you were always talking of that undescribed female."

"Undescribed female," repeated Sulway with a groan. "You may well call her that. I do not believe she exists on earth."

"Perhaps she dwells in heaven," retorted Denham, sipping, "your description always did savour overmuch of the angelic nature. So you haven't found her yet?"

"No, to amend Hannah More, I am still in search of a perfect wife. You may find her in Lady Diana's drawing-room."

"Impossible. My perfect woman wouldn't condescend to fashionable drawing-rooms."

"Really," Denham shook his head. "She must certainly be an angel, in which case my dear Anthony there will be little chance of your making her wife, Sulway. A perfect woman, indeed, as if one could conceive the impossible."

"Denham you are a misogynist scuffer."

"I am a man with less imagination than you possess," retorted the baronet. "For heaven's sake Sulway leave transcendentalism for common sense. Come to Lady Diana's and roar in your chair like a lion."

The two men left the club for a comfortable hansom, and were shortly whirling along Piccadilly in the direction of Kensington. Overhead the moon diffused her soft and mellow splendour amid the metallic lustre of the stars, and under the stroke of the darkly blue sky, the radiance of London lights made artificial day in street and square. On all sides scintillated the points of light, from street lamps stretching in stately vista, from the cold glow of high-placed electric lights, and from the lamps of bus, brougham, and hansom, moving here and there like swarming fireflies. Through the glittering, roaring street raced the cab horse under the skilful guidance of the driver, and leaning forward with his elbow on the spring, Anthony enjoyed the animated scene. It was his first glimpse of London after two years' exile amid the swamps and forest of Central Africa, and for him the great city wore her most seductive aspect. Undoubtedly, Denham was right; the true enjoyment of life lay in contrast. It might have been the quickening breath of Spring which permeated the air, or the sudden sharpening of his senses by the artificial appeal of a disused civilisation, but Sulway was conscious of a wide capability for amusement at the moment. The blood ran swifter through his veins; his nerves were tensioned to a point at which they could feel the keenest pleasure, and while being longed with all the animalism of his nature to enjoy life to its fullest extent. His twenty-first year, when he had come to London unspoiled and unknown, had Sulway felt such zest and desire. Yet the mood was evil, and deep down in his conscience stirred the warning of his danger. The soul aspiring to spiritualism, protested against the animalism of the body. But the will, as Lady Diana's parting words pronounced, and the dual between the two natures of good and bad would be decided by fortuitous circumstances.

A belated street band was playing the last German waltz, and through the perfume of the Spring night, through the roar of wheels and the staccato beat of horses' hoofs came the swing and sway, the tender rhythm of the melody. The long-drawn tenderness of Sulway's soul like wine on the nerves of his senses, and the bright-eyed, low-voiced, flashed across his excited imagination. "Oh, the joy of life! the joy of life!" sang the distant music.

"Wine and women and song; clinging arms and tender kisses." It was like the music of the *Venusberg*, alluring and evil.

"And we were going to a dance to-night," muttered Sulway, as the cab sped beyond the reach of those magic strains.

"I dare say I can oblige you," said Denham, removing the cigar he had been quietly smoking. "I know a very nice family—"

"I don't want a nice family of decorous manners. I desire an orgie."

"An orgie, my dear fellow?"

"The worst—something wickedly fascinating. One of your prim respectability for me to-night. Let us be as gods, Denham, knowing good and evil."

"Principally evil in your present mood," said Denham, dryly. "Do you take me for Mephistopheles, my friend, to introduce you into the mad whirl of a Walpurgis night?"

"I should not hesitate even if you were that maligning friend," replied Sulway, gaily. "I know a café in Paris—"

"So do I, dozens of 'em," interrupted Denham, "but you can get quite as much wickedness in London as in Paris, only it is harder to find, thanks to the virtuous hypocrisy of the laws and the British householder. You feel evil to-night, Sulway."

"I feel like a beast!" retorted Sulway, curtly.

"Say, a calf, which is an animal invented by man. It is not fair to saddle the innocent beasts with our iniquities. I hope it is not my company that has brought on this mood."

"No! It is the sights and smells and sounds of London."

"The city of corruption, eh? Well, as you will, I am no Puritan. But we must be respectable till midnight. After that you can degrade yourself to the level of your own mind."

"Degrade myself?" echoed Anthony, with a snarl.

Denham shrugged up his shoulders. "What else does your talk hint at?" said he.

"Man is lower than the beasts of the field," remarked Sulway, after a pause.

"And the horse is the noblest of all animals. You seem to be full of copy-book maxims to-night."

"Am I? They are all sound and no sense. Take me into respectable society, my dear Denham, and the mood will pass."

"I see. You wish me to be your David and harp the evil spirit out of you."

"I do, Denham," cried Sulway, turning suddenly. "Do you believe that man is a being compound of dual spirits, good and evil?"

Denham reflected.

"I know the creed of Zoroaster," he said at length. "I am also acquainted with the gruesome tale of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, as set forth by a man of genius. Yes, Anthony, my friend, I believe that the forces of good and evil are twine within us which struggle continually. Your evil twin is antagonistic to-night; why, I don't know."

"London! London! London!"

"And a long spell of Africa, maybe. Come, we must excise the fiend, and reduce you to a calmer mood."

"How you may do so," said Sulway, with a sigh. "Why is it that our strongest impulses are the evil?"

"Oh, if you are bent upon talking metaphysics—"

"I would talk of anything to bring myself into a calmer frame of mind."

The baronet clasped his friend on the shoulder and soothed him as he would a child.

"The mood will pass," he said, quietly, "after your long spell of primitive nature the strong wine of civilisation is too much for you."

"I'm afraid my talk savours too much of the wine produced by the grape."

"I know you better, Anthony! What you want is soothing society—the soporific influence of a good woman. That I will promise you, my friend. This night, in ten minutes more or less, you will know my cousin, Barbara Vane."

"My mother had a maid called Barbara," quoted Sulway, laughing. "Is your cousin to be at Lady Diana's?"

"Yes; she is a country mouse, very good, very charming. She will harp on your ears."

"You must think me an awful fool, Denham."

"No, my friend. I think you are a man whose imagination is not under control. But here we are at Lady Diana's. Now, lion, you must roar your loudest."

"What! and frighten the ladies? Indeed, no! I'll roar like a sucking-dove."

Just as Sulway quoted this saying from Shakespeare the cab stopped, and the two men alighted.

CHAPTER II.

A HINTED MYSTERY.

Lady Diana Burke was a tall handsome woman with red hair, shrewd blue eyes, and an excellent opinion of her own capabilities. She had come to London for this belief as she dreamed, talked a trifle less nonsense than most women, and was a hostess full of tact and discrimination. Her parties were invariably successful, owing to the care with which she selected and collected her guests. These did not consist exclusively of lions, for Lady Diana judged with labour wisdom that a herd of these noble beasts would only bore one another. Genius requires an audience to admire, and listen, and applaud; therefore Lady Diana was careful to invite a certain number of people with feeble brains to form such an audience. But having regard to the appropriate furnishing of her handsome rooms, she always asked pretty women and good-looking men, so that outward appearance made amends for inferior intellect. Thus the physical and mental perfection of the human race, so far as London could produce the same, were to be found at Sheridan House. Compounded of such agreeable elements, it was little to be wondered at, that Lady Diana's parties were pronounced delightful by all who came to them. They embraced the aristocracy of Bohemia and Philistia.

On this special night everybody who was anybody came to Sheridan House; and its saloons were thronged with the leading representatives of art, literature and the drama. Musical composers were present, singers who played the dithyramb, and long-haired pianists occupied prominent positions amid groups of adoring women. Here stalked a celebrated publisher, the Jupiter of this literary Olympus, and there moved a famous reviewer, whose amiable countenance belied the trenchant criticisms heaped upon his title. It was quite an anticipatory *Millennium* for London. The literary lion lay down with the publishing lamb, and a truce was concluded between journalists and authors.

It was late when Denham and his friend climbed the grand staircase, at the top of which Lady Diana received her guests. There was a babble of voices, the distant music of a Green Hungarian band, and occasionally the clatter of knives and forks and clink of plates and glasses from the room where the lions were feeding. Coming out of the semi-twilight of the night into this glare of electric lamps and the rainbow hues of innumerable flowers, Sulway felt quite daunted by the contrast. His cloak was taken by a discreet servant, and he was left with a little of the evening's wear. He found himself bowing before a Minerva in black satin without any clear idea of how he came to occupy the position. After the swamps of Africa the splendours of Mayfair are rather overpowering.

"Be pleased to see you, Mr. Sulway," said Lady Diana in a high strident voice, so kind of you to come, with a complacent glance round, "to my party."

"I rather think the kindness is on your side for thus welcoming an uninvited guest, Lady Diana."

"Oh, but I expected you," protested the hostess. "Mr. Denham promised to bring you as soon as you arrived in town. And of course I have your coat, and something new from Africa. I was charmed with it really."

"It informed me of many things of which I was previously ignorant."

"It wouldn't have been appropriate had it not done so," said Denham with a laugh.

Having thus made Sulway free of her house, Lady Diana turned her gushing conversation and attention to another guest who wore Eastern raiment and garnered his facts from the Arabian Nights. In some way Anthony drifted apart from his friend, and was seized upon by a fierce little woman who wore spectacles and green muslin trimmed with yellow. Just like a poached egg on spinach, murmured Sulway as she moved and moved before him.

"Oh dear Mr. Sulway, we must know one another," cried this green-haired woman, who clutched him by the hand. "I heard dear Lady Diana speak your name, and, consequently, I was determined to introduce myself. I am Susan Tracey."

"Very much honoured!" murmured the victim, who had not the slightest idea who Susan Tracey was, otherwise than as a lady with an excellent opinion of herself.

"I wrote 'Give Me Thy Heart and Thou Art Mine,' you know."

"Is it a song?" asked Anthony, bewildered by the length of the title.

"Song! No!" cried the harpy with a snarl. "It's a novel—a novel!" with emphasis.

"Ah, indeed! I—I haven't read it. I have only lately returned from Africa."

"I know," nodded Miss Tracey, "that's why I spoke to you. I want to write a book about Africa, and you must supply me with facts."

"Must I?" said Sulway, rather taken aback, not to refuse me, said the fair Susan, beaming through her spectacles, "in fact."

"In fact," playfully. "I shall not take a refusal. I live at Shepherd's Bush, No. 46, Poplar-road. Come and see me; here is my card." She produced one from a pocket and thrust it into Sulway's helpless hand. "First you take the train, then the bus, then the tram, and so on. I shall be pleased to meet you. Would you mind taking me into support?"

Sulway did mind very much, but he was helpless in the grip of this fiery female. She took him into supper; she ate and drank of most that was on the table, and she did all the talking. Her conversation consisted of details touching her life, domestic and public, and of her work, her work, her play, her taste, her everything. And all the time, beaming with singular complacency, Miss Tracey fancied she was ravishing the soul of her bored listener. "I know that many writers do not speak so freely about themselves as I do," said she, in conclusion, "but I think you should always understand what are your duties as an instructor and educator of our fellow creatures."

Sulway felt that he could not endure much more of this "cockle"—as he profanely designated Miss Tracey's outpourings—and managed to lose the lady when they returned to the crowded saloon. There, he compensated himself for his late boredom by listening to the conversation of several acquaintances, who talked, he thought, of themselves and more about other people. Launched into more congenial company the tension of his nerves relaxed, and he began to find the evening more endurable. Denham, much in request as a rising lawyer, and an accomplished talker, had disappeared, and Sulway wondered if he would reappear. The country mouse was present, and Anthony wished for an introduction. After the epigrammatic fireworks of the lions, he felt that it would be a relief to talk on every-day subjects with an every-day girl.

But at the present moment neither Denham nor the girl were visible.

An Anthony was a tall and stalwart man, with a good-looking, well-proportioned face, and a strong, muscular build. He was known to be rich, and known to be famous, he found himself the recipient of many flattering attentions from the gentler portions of Lady Diana's guests. To be questioned by pretty women, to be surrounded by bright eyes and lovely faces, is a situation acceptable to most men, and Anthony, asked pretty women and good-looking men, so that outward appearance made amends for inferior intellect. Thus the physical and mental perfection of the human race, so far as London could produce the same, were to be found at Sheridan House. Compounded of such agreeable elements, it was little to be wondered at, that Lady Diana's parties were pronounced delightful by all who came to them. They embraced the aristocracy of Bohemia and Philistia.

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"The mood will pass," he said, quietly, "after your long spell of primitive nature the strong wine of civilisation is too much for you."

Mr. Bispham's vocal recital at St. James's Hall on Tuesday was chiefly conspicuous for the marvellous power of infection he infused into his voice, without detracting in the least from beauty of tone or technique. It is a treat to listen to a vocalist who is also

The committee of the Ingham Angling Preservation Society held their annual inspection on Friday, July 26, when, as on former occasions, they proceeded by steam launch from Kingston to Staines, and back to East Molesey. The trip involves no charge whatever on the society's funds. Tickets (£1 is each) for members and friends, including use of the launch, luncheon on board, and dinner on return, are to be had of Mr. Arthur Price, 35, John-st., Gray's Inn (one of the most respected members of the

It is said that from July 29 onwards, till the autumn, the boards of the Court Theatre, Sloane-square, may be occupied by successive travelling companies. In other words, it will be for the time being a suburban house. I have never understood why the Court should be otherwise than prosperous, seeing that it is in the heart of a district fashionable on one side and democratic on the other. It is, of course, out of the way of the sellers in hotels, those who are simply visitors to London, and naturally go to a theatre near to

The additions to the Zoological Society's menagerie during the week ending July 1 included a Moroccan marmoset, three glossy ibises (hatched in the menagerie), two Moroccan snakes, a rat-eating raccoon, a great wallaroo, four brindled wallabies, a grey monitor, two lorries, two parrot finches, two grey-and-white pyralis, five Derbyian and two others, two blue and white tree shrews, a green monkey, a Wapiti deer (born in the Gardens), a Northern mockingbird, a common chameleon, a green lizard, a blossom-headed parakeet, a kelp terrapin, a sooty mangabey, two blue and white acrobats, and two Barbary sheep and Japanese deer (born in the Gardens).

The breeding of the glossy ibis in the Zoo is an interesting event, as this

Never have such bargains been
 offered to the public. I speak feel-
 ingly, having just returned from an
 expedition where a friend of mine in-
 vested largely. One of our first pur-
 chases was a black mercerised cotton
 with a tiny silver spot, destined for her
 mother. It has been since fashioned
 into a neat matronly gown. The skirt
 has a shaped flounce, and the blouse
 and bodice is made drowsy by the addition
 of a point d'esprit fichu of cream net,
 trimmed with frills, edged with black

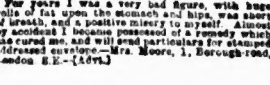
The figure, and is fastened with large buttons. The sleeves are plain and tied at the wrist with a bow of ribbon. The collar is gored and folded at the back into inverted pleats. At the hem there is a shaped flounce headed with narrow machine-stitched.

Blotting-paper pink will also be worn, and brown will mix with a green turquoise shade. The new summer gowns are all made without collar. A bow or tulle tied round

have been tried and trusted over 80 years. The annual sale exceeds six million boxes, and in spite of all competition they become more popular every day, and this is not due to "Argument" and persuasion, but to the Fact that

THEY RECOMMEND THEMSELVES

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.
SEASIDE

[illegible]

m. Both trains call New Cross, Norwood, West
London, Battersea, Clapham Junction, Balham.

[illegible]

Week in Lucerne, 25 gu.
Unique Tours to Swiss and Italian Lakes.
WEDEN, Comprehensive Tour, 164 guineas.

[illegible]

Sundays—Special Train to Gravesend from
Victoria at 9.30 a.m.

[illegible]

TALK OF THE PEOPLE.

Sunday Morning.
In face of the accumulation of evidence and of Lord Kitchener's express statement, it is not, I think, possible for any man not blinded by prejudice to disbelieve the murder of our wounded at Vlakfontein by the Boers. Do not let me be misunderstood, however. I am not suggesting that these atrocious acts were committed by the Boers in general or that those who did them acted under the orders of responsible commanders. They were isolated deeds of horror which could only be committed by men of the vilest type when they thought themselves for the moment free from the supervision of their officers. But, when all is said, these atrocities were committed.

Now it is much to be feared that in the Boer army there are many men of the same type as the murderers of Vlakfontein, and the question for our authorities is how to deal with them. I assume that any man who had molested the wounded and was subsequently caught would be shot out of hand—that goes without saying—but how can it be made impossible for such horrors to be planned again? It seems to me that the only way to prevent such things is to employ men of this kind and cannot restrain them themselves will be held personally responsible for any murders and outrages that may be committed. I fancy they would quickly find some way then of controlling these fiends.

Until I read his speech at Pontypool I imagined that Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman had sounded every depth of political ineptitude. I was mistaken. There are even deeper abysses which he there successfully plumbed. In one breath he urged the Government to take the Transvaal, and in another he denounced the only means by which it can be done. He wanted the war brought to a conclusion at once, but wanted the fighting to be done with rewatered squirts, and he was full of pity for the enemy, because in future he will have English neighbours. He is an amazing person in "C-B."

How much his authority has been strengthened or otherwise by the vote of confidence at the Reform Club may be seen by the state of things in connection with the Asquith dinner. The Radical Imperialists have flatly declined to submit to dictation in this matter, and at the same time refused to have threatened to resign his seat if the dinner be not held. But the bitter blow of all is that Sir Henry has addressed a request to Mr. Asquith that the dinner should not be held, and that Mr. Asquith has politely, but firmly, told him to mind his own business.

You see that Lord Rosebery has acted just as I prophesied he would with regard to the split in the Radical party—that is to say, he has done nothing. There was a great opportunity before him if he would have consented to take the chair at the Asquith dinner, and though I always feel certain that his courage would fail him, I am none the less sorry that he did not take it. He might have put himself at the head of all the patriots on the Opposition benches and have swept the whole pro-Bloer crew into oblivion; but he has missed the chance. Will it ever come again? I wonder. Somehow I think it will, and that again he will fail to seize it.

It seems almost incredible that in the Far Eastern Department of the Foreign Office there is not a single man who has ever seen service in the Far East. Yet this we are assured, on the authority of the Foreign Secretary himself, is really the fact. There is no country in the whole world which requires such intimate knowledge of China and the Chinese, if the most ridiculous mistakes are not to be made, and yet the headquarters of our diplomacy in London are absolutely without any man who is acquainted with either. A commercial house which ran its business on these lines would, I take it, not keep for long out of the bankruptcy court.

And the worst of it is we send out to China to fill the most important positions men who are destitute of this knowledge, and then generally move them away somewhere else just when they are beginning to acquire it. The whole system of promotion under the Foreign Office is radically bad, and seems to have been devised with the utmost care to make capable men useless to their country as possible. Moreover, it seems impossible to get the Foreign Office even to correct its own ignorance by the help of people who really do know. If such a man were put at the Office after years of experience of the particular country, and desired to place his information at their disposal, it is ten to one that he only gets snubbed for his pains.

After what I have said of the Foreign Office you will be sure I am wanting to tilt at public opinion in general if I say anything of that miracle of human wisdom, the War Office. But I cannot help regretting that they should have seen fit to inform an inquirer that all Colonial Volunteers will "probably" receive South African war medals. Why? Probably? Surely it is not, it ought to be, and the use of this most unfortunate word will show any amount of harm. I should have thought the War Office, at least, had had a sufficient lesson on the folly of damping Colonial enthusiasm.

It strikes me very forcibly that the problem of aerial navigation is pretty well on the point of being solved. The accounts of the flight of the way in which M. Santos Dumont flew round the Eiffel Tower in his new steerable balloon certainly gives the idea that he is not far from aiming at it, even if he has not quite reached it yet. He is, I understand, a Brazilian, and it is rather an awkward comment on our lack of enterprise that he should have chosen Paris rather than London for his demonstration. Surely our manufacturers and inventors are not going to let another new means of locomotion slip out of our grasp, as they have done with the motor-car industry?

LATEST ELECTRIC FLASHES.

HOME.

At Blackburn. Harry Stringer, labourer, was sent for trial for shoplifting.

A successful show. promoted by the Worley District Fanciers' Society, was held.

Dr. A. Reid, medical practitioner in Connist, committed suicide by drinking a quantity of prussic acid.

At Wroughton, near Winton, a public-house, known as the Three Horse Shoes, was burnt out.

The memorial stone of a new Infectious Diseases Hospital for Wey were laid.

The Hon. Mrs. Fremantle, wife of the Dean of Ripon, died at the Deanery, aged 66.

An inquest at Tipton on Edith White, found drowned in an unfenced brook, the verdict was accidental death.

John Hassall, of Delamere, was remanded at Northwich charged with assaulting Mabel Lydett, 11.

Lord Chesham was accorded a magnificent reception when he arrived at Chesham from S. Africa.

A demonstration in aid of the funds of the National Lifeboat Institution was held at Heywood.

The annual circus parade and carnival took place at Farnworth in aid of the Bolton Infirmary.

Dr. Domenichini, Deputy Inspector-General and Hon. Physician to the King, died at Woodall Place.

At Eriehley Hill, Chas. Clarke, ironworker, was remanded on a charge of wounding a fellow-workman named Rowley.

Amelia Harvey and Bonnie Young, pupils, ran over and killed by a train on Eccle-road crossing, near Yarmouth.

An inquest on a man who shot himself at York railway station, a verdict of suicide was returned. The body was not identified.

At Holbeck (Lincs.), Henry Scott, farmer, was remanded on a charge of attempting to murder his wife, and also to commit suicide.

Northwich miners at New-ent, who had threatened to raise a sufficient fund to become their own employers.

At Lancaster, Thos. Head, commercial traveller, was fined 25s and costs at Lancaster for furiously driving a motor bicycle.

A coronial inquest was held at Lewes on Peter Morley, who died while clearing out a vat at the Star Brewery. Verdict accidental death.

FOREIGN.
The death is announced of Senor Erasmas, the Chilean President.

St. Petersburg, July 10.—Serious reports concerning the crops are received.—Reuter.

A Russian Imperial Ukase commands that the whole of the Russian Field Artillery shall be equipped with a 3-in. quick firing gun.

On the occasion of the Duke of Cornwall's visit to Montreal it has been arranged that H.R.H. shall formally open the new offices of the Grand Trunk Railway Co.

A Paris paper states that documents relating to the submarine boats have been stolen from the Ministry of Marine. The statement, however, has received official contradiction.

"The New York Herald's" correspondent at Valparaiso states that Mr. Thompson has bought the Chilean Trans-Pacific Railway for \$200,000.—Reuter.

The Italian Foreign Minister and the French Ambassador yesterday signed a protocol delimiting the French line of frontier in Eastern Africa.—Central News.

It is understood that Mr. Lawson has handed over his yacht, the Indefatigable, to the New York Yacht Club, having received assurance that the yacht will be formally entered for the Cup trial races.—Central News.

SAILOR'S AQUATIC ANTICS.
At West Ham, yesterday, Fdk. Billings, rivetter, Hollybush-st., Plaistow, was summoned for using indecent language at the public baths, Baldam-st., Plaistow.—Mr. F. Stern, who prosecuted for the West Ham Corporation, said that the previous Saturday defendant and another man went to the baths, and that both had had some liquor, but were not drunk. Defendant was very dirty, and Mr. Knight, superintendent, objected to him going into the swimming bath, and suggested that he must first have a warm bath. Defendant then became very excited. He said he was a ratepayer, that he had paid his money, and he intended to have a swim. Mr. Knight sent for a policeman. The defendant took off his clothes, and flung them into the bath. He got to the centre and created a great scene by his antics, his language being very bad. The whole bath was in disorder for an hour or so before defendant could be persuaded to leave the water and dress. Then he was put out. Defendant now said he had been in the Navy 20 years that day, and had seen service in India and China. He was up set because he was told he was dirty, but it was only his hands that were not clean.—Fined 20s., and 7s. costs.

UNIONISTS AND THE STEEL TRUST IN AMERICA.
New York, July 13.—The conference of delegates of the men's unions concerned in the projected strike against the great steel trust held their third meeting to-day, but adjourned without arriving at a decision on the main question as to whether non-union men should be allowed to be employed in the steel company's works. The directors of the trust are firm in refusing the unionists' demand that non-unionists must be ousted. They have conceded to the men all they have asked for as to wages and hours.—Central News.

A WINDFALL.
A middle-aged journeyman bookbinder, named Jas. F. Murphy, who has been employed for a few weeks in Manchester, and lodged at Lower Chatham-st., Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester, received a communication from a London firm of solicitors to the effect that New South Wales had left him a legacy of £10,000.

The Parks Committee of the L.C.C. has prepared a scheme for the supply of refreshments in the Victoria Embankment Gardens during the season of band performances.

THE CHARGE AGAINST IRISH GUARDS.

YESTERDAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

About four weeks ago P.C. Hy. Brewer was found in the early hours of the morning in an insensible condition near the Reformers' Tree in Hyde Park. His skull was fractured at the base, and the poor fellow bore other injuries, showing that he had been savagely kicked. When he became conscious he remembered speaking to two soldiers and a woman, but after that everything that had passed seemed a dream. Yesterday at Marlborough-st., Thos. Kennedy, 23, and Martin Evans, 19, privates in the 4th Co. Irish Guards, stationed at Chelsea Barracks, were charged before Mr. Justice with being concerned together in feloniously wounding P.C. Brewer with intent to do him grievous bodily harm. Mr. Muskett proceeded, and outlined the details of the crime.

A GIRL'S EVIDENCE.
—Mabel Meta Ford, who said she had no occupation, was then called to give evidence. She deposed that she knew both prisoners, P.C. Irish Guardsmen, but did not know their names. On the evening of June 17 she met Evans in Sloane-st. at about eight o'clock, and went into Hyde Park and sat on a seat with him. About 11 o'clock one of two policemen who came up together and then both walked away. Kennedy came up afterwards, and said something to Evans, and said something to her. Another policeman came up and said it was time to leave, or something similar. Kennedy used some bad language. At that time the big electric light at the cross roads was out. She saw Evans was a few yards away from Kennedy and the policeman. The constable had hold of the policeman. She and Evans looked in another direction, and when she turned round again the policeman and Kennedy were exchanging looks.

She did not notice how the struggle proceeded, but next noticed that the policeman, as she thought, was not there. She saw no blow struck. She and Evans walked a short way, but Evans returned to get Kennedy away. She noticed then that Kennedy and the policeman were struggling. Both prisoners presently came back to her, but she did not see what had become of the policeman. She did not see him on the ground or any injuries inflicted. Nothing was said about the policeman by either of prisoners, but Kennedy did not seem to be in a very good temper. She saw no blood on Kennedy's boots.—Cross-examined by Evans: She was quite certain she saw him (Evans) go back to Kennedy during the struggle.—Evans: I did not go back.—Cross-examination continued: She was not quite sure whether the struggle was finished when he (Evans) went back.

NEW TO THE WORK.
—Insp. Hayes, of the A Division, said that the injured constable was only 24. He had been in the force four years, and was transferred as recently as June 14 from Rochester-row Station, thus being quite new to the work in the force. The constable was given a bill of lading on representation that the whisky sold to him was at his disposal, where as it had been resold to another whisky merchant. Arrol said that Robert Pattison had guaranteed him 50s. per gallon profit, but it was only two months after liquidation he ascertained that the whisky had been sold. The witness said that Pattison had previously sold two lots of whisky without giving him credit for them in the joint account, and when he demanded a warrant that the whisky in question would not be sold without his knowledge, Robert Pattison became very passionate, and denounced him, but eventually gave him the warrant. Several other witnesses were examined in connection with the transaction, and the case for the prosecution thereafter concluded. The hearing of evidence for the defence will commence on Monday.

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Several other witnesses gave evidence corroborating the previous evidence, and from which it was admitted that Mr. Godfrey Nicholson, managing director, gave orders which had terminated so sadly.—Job Vanning, who descended the well with a rope, which he succeeded in placing round one of the bodies, said he detected no nasty smell, but was rendered unconscious. He felt a sensation just as if he was going to sleep. He did not recollect being hauled up to the top.—Evidence of the recovery of the bodies was given by Mr. Slavin, third officer of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, and then Dr. Francis J. Hilliard, of Devonport, deposed that death was due to asphyxiation in each case from inhaling carbon oxide gas.—The jury returned a verdict of accidental death, the result of inhaling noxious gas, and expressed regret that the usual test was not applied before the work was commenced.

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Several footmen and others in the department of the Master of the Horse at Windsor Castle, yesterday, received notice to leave. These are in addition to the 16 men in the Royal Household who were dismissed last week. Thirty-four.

TRIAL OF PENRYN QUARRYMEN.
At Carnarvon Assizes yesterday charges of beating and intimidating, preferred against a number of quarrymen lately employed at the Penryn quarries, were heard. The cases occurred in connection with the dispute between Penryn and his workmen. Sixteen quarrymen were committed for trial by the magistrates.

Mr. C. F. Gill prosecuted, and Mr. S. Moss defended. The first case was more or less in the nature of a test. Seven men were concerned, and the case lasted the whole day. The jury found the men not guilty. The other charges were withdrawn.

SENTENCE ON A POSTMASTER.
At Winchester Assizes yesterday, Alfred Champerlain, late sub-postmaster at Levensham, was sentenced to five years' penal servitude for stealing letters containing postal orders. Accused pleaded guilty, and in extenuation said his salary was only £100 a year, and he had fallen into monetary difficulties. Justice Ridley said the case was one of the worst of its kind.

THE CHARGE AGAINST SIR E. BRADFORD'S BROTHER-IN-LAW A VICTIM.
Four men were suffocated in a well at the Three Mills Distillery, Bromley, near London, yesterday. The men were Mr. Godfrey Nicholson, managing director, and brother-in-law of Sir E. Bradford. The well was sunk near the Leas, among the disused waste lands of Bromley, where the air is rank and the trees withered with the smoke of chemical factories. Mr. Nicholson and several workmen proposed to "dip" the well to see what kind of water it had. A man named Pickett went down a ladder into the well with a rod, and suddenly

THE DEAD.
The dead men were Mr. Godfrey Nicholson, Frederick Elliott, 35, of Imperial-st., Bromley. Thomas Pickett, 34, of Marcus-st., West Ham. Robert Underhill, 34, of Three Mill-lane, Stratford.

THE SUSPECT.
Mr. Atwater, opened the inquest yesterday. Mr. Nicholson, brother of the managing director, said the well was used to obtain surface water. It had not been used for between two and three years, on account of the L.C.C. making a new sewer through the ground, which had made the well quite dry. There had never been any thing to suggest the presence of noxious gas. He attributed the accident to a collection of miasma gas, the result of noxious vapours collecting, the great heat of the past few days also contributing to the result.—Mr. C. Drake said that orders were given to dip the well, and men were detailed off for the work. A few minutes after witness received information of the accident, and, proceeding to the spot, he saw there was water in the well, and men were floating on the surface. An alarm was raised, and it was with great difficulty that other men were restrained from rushing to the rescue of their companions.

Several other witnesses gave evidence corroborating the previous evidence, and from which it was admitted that Mr. Godfrey Nicholson, managing director, gave orders which had terminated so sadly.—Job Vanning, who descended the well with a rope, which he succeeded in placing round one of the bodies, said he detected no nasty smell, but was rendered unconscious. He felt a sensation just as if he was going to sleep. He did not recollect being hauled up to the top.—Evidence of the recovery of the bodies was given by Mr. Slavin, third officer of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, and then Dr. Francis J. Hilliard, of Devonport, deposed that death was due to asphyxiation in each case from inhaling carbon oxide gas.—The jury returned a verdict of accidental death, the result of inhaling noxious gas, and expressed regret that the usual test was not applied before the work was commenced.

THE PATTON TRIAL.
PROCEEDINGS YESTERDAY.
The trial of the Brothers Pattison was resumed in Edinburgh yesterday. Evidence was given regarding the charge of defrauding an Alhambra brewer of £25,000 by obtaining a bill of lading on representation that the whisky sold to him was at his disposal, where as it had been resold to another whisky merchant. Arrol said that Robert Pattison had guaranteed him 50s. per gallon profit, but it was only two months after liquidation he ascertained that the whisky had been sold. The witness said that Pattison had previously sold two lots of whisky without giving him credit for them in the joint account, and when he demanded a warrant that the whisky in question would not be sold without his knowledge, Robert Pattison became very passionate, and denounced him, but eventually gave him the warrant. Several other witnesses were examined in connection with the transaction, and the case for the prosecution thereafter concluded. The hearing of evidence for the defence will commence on Monday.

'BUSHMEN DECIDE TO FIGHT.'
The result of the ballot which has been taken among the drivers and conductors employed by the Atlas and Waterloo Omnibus Association, to determine what action they shall adopt in connection with their demands for improved conditions of work, was declared yesterday. Out of a full ballot of 2,000 men over 90 per cent. are in favour of a strike forthwith if the demands are not conceded. Only 60 men are prepared to accept a strike, and the remainder want "rules" but would prefer an amicable arrangement rather than resort to extreme measures. A special meeting of the executive of the union will be called immediately to make arrangements for carrying out the men's mandate.

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